AT THE TAWDREY HOUSE

When the Lights Went Out.

Mrs. Runciman and her stepdaughter Leila came into the office of the Tawdrey House after the reception like a not uncommon mental process-first the burst of emotion, and then the prudent little after-

The widow threw wraps and gloves and other florid appurtenances of fashion on the chair next to her, while Leila, ever evasive, slipped into a chair in the rear row.

"It's 5 o'clock, Leila," yawned Mrs. Runci-man. "He will be here presently if he's got to come. I'm too dead tired to go up-

stairs to come down again. Ah, Mr. Sniffen, you seem interested?" "Always interested in you, my dear madam," I replied, "particularly interested at this instant in that exquisite little box

you threw down so carelessly." "My vanity box?" the widow went on. diving her plump arm under the feather "Isn't it a dear? The top measures not more than three inches each way; and yet it is studded with 500 diamonds-think of it. Come closer, man, let me whisper. It cost \$20,000 spot cash. Must have the best, you know.

"Vanity box," I repeated. "I hope it may never contain any vexation of spirit

"Heavens! I hope not." she cried, tossing back the bauble to its fluffy bed. "I've had my share of that commodity, as you very well know, Mr. Sniffen.

Titus wasn't any angel on earth, whatever he may have since become. And Leila, for all she is so demure, she is a constant care to me. You never know where she is or where

she isn't: what she is going to do and what she isn't going to do. It s worse than a mouse in the room. Yes, child, I see Mr. Knevals coming very well indeed, and he I walked back to my seat in the corner

which had the advantage of being both obscure and adjacent, and watched the reception of that manly young chap Pierre Knevals. He took the chair just beyond the one containing the wraps; swinging it around so as to face the ladies. The talk, whatever its nature, was ani

mated; Mrs. Runciman doing the most of it with much flashing of her jewelled hands. Leila sat back in her shadowy way. I'm sure she didn't speak, though once and again she smiled the vaguest reflection of

The talk also was brief. Knevals sprang up so abruptly as to tilt the chair in front of him and turn out the contents on the floor. These he snatched up in a huddle and dumped back. Then he bowed stiffly twice and strode away. If ever a young man was angry all over I should say Kne-vals felt like him.

Leila slipped around in front and adjusted the rumpled wraps in her orderly way. Then she took the chair where Knevals had sat and piped some birdlike inquiry which set the widow's great head bobbing like an inverted pendulum from the vigor of her answer. I walked to the desk for a

She doesn't intend to let go, does she?"

"She doesn't intend to let go, does sner remarked Billikins, the clerk.

"I don't know who 'she' is or what she's got hold of," I protested.

"That's like you, Sniffen, you snooping eld mole," he retorted with threatening penholder. "You want people to think you as blind as you are keen. Of course you as blind as you are keen. know that the widow sent young Knevals off with a flea in his ear; just as you know that she has no intention of giving up the full swing of the late Titus's estate and putting up with a pittance, as she must whenever Leila marries. Yes, ladies, coming, coming. Pray don't bring out the

He handsprang over the counter and sprinted across with me at his heels, for indeed one might well think from the widow's screams that the house was afire. Even Leils was wringing her hands, and not as if they were spirit hands either. No need of questions the floor strawn. with the contents of the chair, with one glittering exception, spoke for itself as vo-ciferously as Mrs. Runciman was speaking for herself.

for herself.

"My vanity box, my vanity box," she kept crying; "it is gone; it is gone. Five hundred diamonds; \$20,000. Police, police, arrest that wretch at once!"

"Hush, mother, think of the people who may hear you," implored Leila.

"I don't care who hears me. Of course that Knevals stole it. Mr. Billikins, you must send for an officer at once."

"The telephone booth is at your service," Rillikins replied with his usual courtesy." I'm sure Miss Prall will be glad to connect you with Headquarters. I can't say what I didn't see—by golly, what a consummate fool! I never did such a thing before."

He dashed across again even more swiftly He dashed across again even more swiftly with a flying leap over the rail as he rea-lized that he had left the door of the great A moment later, white faced and trembling,

he was telephoning Headquarters for their best man. A package of bills was missing, equal in value to the profits of the Tawdrey House for a year.

Billikins made a virtue out of a necessity by confiding the theft to me, but no one else suspected it. We had an anxious word or two with the very sensible and quiet sergeant of police who responded to the call. It was a matter for secret investigation, that official decided, and this was his judgment of the other case too after we had gone upstairs and heard all the widow had

The widow's all amounted to little when the anger and spite was separated from it. Of course young Knevals might have taken the vanity box, but so might a score of hotel guests, including myself, who had been within reach of it. His reputation, like mine and theirs, forbade open accusation

without at least a show of proof. I couldn't help but notice the clearing ffects of a storm in Mrs. Runciman's case. After she had said her say she was far less uncompromising. Indeed, before we left she quite agreed to the sergeant's policy of silence, secrecy and search.

"I hope to be able to make a successful report to you in a week, madam," he said.
"Meanwhile, mum is the word."

"What I am going to do is this," the sergeant went on when we were again in the private office. "I shall send one of our best social agents here in the guise of a guest, a gallant young fellow, you know, with plenty of time and money to consume. He will make himself popular and ought in a iffy to throw light on both of these little mysteries. Of course I want him properly introduced. Let me see, Mr. Sniffen, couldn't you have a nephew?"

"He would have to be a very nice one." But efter a little the sergeant had his way, and it was agreed that the social

agent should come as my nephew, Sidney

Raines, to visit me at the Tawdrey. The next evening he came, a presentable chap, I must admit, with close beard and great spectacles, which gave him a scholarly cast. He made a besitne for me as I sat

cast. He made a besite for me as I sat in any favorite corner, protesting in carrying tones his delight at leaving the grind of post-graduate work at the university for the more liberal education of being with me, his one and only uncle.

Is a jiffy he knew and was known by all the loitering guests. Nor did it seem more than a jiffy before his acquaintance included in a breezy way rolicking Frank Prail at the news stand, and prim Miss Prail at the news stand, and prim Miss Prail by the telephone booth.

Mrs. Rungiman's acquiescence soon be-

ion with the great minds of all ages!" she cried one evening as she stopped before me, such a riot of color and dazzle of jewels me to put the Queen of Sheba into the Quaker class. "I am weary, Mr. Sniffen, of the emptiness and affectation of what we call life; I yearn, I sigh for such an ideal yet real existence as your nephew leads. Now don't you dare tell him, you dreadful man," this with a tap of her ivory fan, as Raines came up in his unimpressible way.

"Perhaps you will be so good as to tell me yourself," Raines said quietly, "or at least to give me the chance to show myself worthy to be told."

She took his arm with coy reluctance,

She took his arm with coy reluctance, smiling a protest over her shoulder—her eft shoulder—to me as he led her away. I looked by intention to the chair in the rear row where Leila sat so neutral in tints as to be scarcely distinguishable. She had seen all I have described. Perhaps she saw more, for she was smiling—vaguely.

she saw more, for she was smiling—vaguely, it is true, yet smiling.

I looked across by chance to the telephone booth by which Miss Prall had her post. She also must have witnessed and digested this little scene, perhaps more than this little scene, for she was following the lovers of learning, so loverlike in pose as they strolled into the small parlor where most of our Tawdrey courting was done. most of our Tawdrey courting was done with fierce and eager eyes.

A Tawdrey institution, Miss Prall. From ime immemorial, within the average guest's era, she had kept watch and ward by the teleshone booth and in the shadow of the great steel safe. Everybody liked the little old maid, with her flery face and popping blue ves and everybody trusted her.

Rollicking Frank, her brother in charge of the news stand, was wont to say in the infrequent intervals when he was not discussing the horses with our racing contingent that "Sis lives with us." meaning thereby that he permitted her to share the bounty which he provided for himself, his bowed and sallow wife and their inde-terminate brood of children. We knowing ones knew on the contrary that it was Miss Prall's hard earned wages that kept on the roof and filled up the chinks of any apology for a home that Frank could have.

A graceless scamp, he owed the work that he didn't do and the bread that he did eat to the grace of his sister. What, then, was Miss Prall's interest in the gourdlike growth of intimacy between the superfluous widow and my suposititious nephew? Intense and unselfish, whatever it might be She was a partisan who would fight to the death in a quarrel not her own.

Throughout this week of secret cross purposes which as I have indicated only showed themselves in spots, like some slow fever, the management had been engaged in the important and difficult task of replac ing the old switchboard for the electric lights with a new broad.

As was inevitable at the Tawdrey House. whatever was done was made a matter of advertisement. So, much was said about the expense, the experts employed and the rapidity with which the work was accom-

This boasting seemed justified the night when the experte left with the new board in full operation. Never had the Tawdrey House been more brilliantly illumined. When the guests, according to custom, assembled in the office after dinner, a thou-

sand lights shone upon women and men more or less fair and brave. From my corner of vantage I sought out and studied the characters of my present interest, from Billikins at the desk with a side eye keen for the half open safe, Miss side eye keen for the half open safe. Miss Prall, like a Roman sentinel, by the telephone booth, and rollicking Frank, mussing up his stock as he sprawled over to catch a whispered tip from his pals, to Mrs. Runciman and Raines drinking to each other only with their eyes, yet making quite a spree of it in the opposite row of chairs, and shadowy Leila, far from them on the settle against the side of the desk and back of the news-

stand.

Then the lights went out with a completeness that spoke worlds for what the switchboard couldn't do, and confusion prevailed which grew less decorous as the darkness continued to make itself felt.

darkness continued to make itself felt.

For once the Tawdrey House had failed to provide for a possible emergency. There were no candles, no lamps, and it was a long and dreary wait before the engineer came hustling up from the sub-cellar with a pair of lanterns. These he hurried to the deak, whence had come rough talk inter-spersed with screams.

A feeble light, yet sufficient to show o the crowded guests Billikins in front of he safe between Miss Prall and shadowy Leila, each of whom he held by the wrist. Raines put his hand on the rail and leaped

"What are you trying to do?" he demanded angrily.
"I am trying to protect the property in my care," answered Billikins with enough

my care," answered Billikins with enough verbal eccentricities to show the source of the rough talk. "I heard light steps to the safe. I reached out—I caught this hand and that. As I did so each hand dropped something on the floor. There, see for yourself. There and there. As soon as you pick them up I'll let these women go."

Raines stooped and subpand the same and the same stooped.

women go."

Raines stooped and gathered two packages from the floor, wrapped in stout brown paper, securely tied and sealed and each addressed in a flowing hand.

"I don't see what all this pother is about," he said, after a glance at the inscriptions. "These packages belong to me, you can all see."

And he held them to the light so that the name on each one, "Mr. Sidney Raines," was made distinct. "They don't belong in the safe, do they? You never saw them before, did you? It seems to me you owe an apology to these ladies, who in the darkness might easily have wandered within this enclosure."

Then a strange thing happened. The

this enclosure."

Then a strange thing happened. The overheated chimney of one of the lanterns broke, sending a red hot fragment full into Raines's face. He made a frantic slap and his scholastic beard fell to the ground.

With a scream of rage which quite drowned the general hum of astonishment Mrs. Runciman flashed across the office storming like a harpy, all feathers and nails

against the rail. You vile wretch!" she cried. "First to rob and then to delude me. I would scratch your eyes out if I could!"

"Then I am thankful, madame, that you can't," replied that fine young chap Pierre Knevals, his smooth shaven face so clear and cameolike that it seemed incredible it could have been disguised, "for my honor still has need of them.

"Listen, friends, here is the situation in nutshell, revealed by accident only a little prematurely. Direcely I heard of the absurd accusation this woman made against me I went to headquarters and surrendered

"The police sergeant having the case in charge happened to know me well enough to have faith in me, and he suggested that I should undertake some private detective work for him, myself and the hotel. Perhape in the pursuit of it I did take advantage of this woman's abnormal vanity, but I trust under the circumstances it was par-

He stepped short and looked appealingly

TEACHING THE WORST OF BOYS

came content. While the loss from the safe remained absolitely scoret—indeed, I judged from Billikins's unwonted consideration toward me that he had not reported it and was hoping that he might never have to report it to the manager—there was widespread rumor not only that Mrs. Runciman had charged Knevals with theft, but that that unfortunate young man had prudently withdrawn from his usual walks and vocations into parts thinknown.

To her mind, then, he was disposed of for bad/and all, and she rejoiced accordingly. At the same time she acquired a distracting interest in learning.

"How sordid and trivial is wealth in comparison with study, meditation, communion with the great minds of all ages!" she cried one evening as she stopped before me such a state of color and disage of its leaves.

"What of it, I say, except, except, that now, when it is really gone, you, you, the only one who knew, must have stolen it from me. Of course you did, just as you managed to find and keep for yourself the money missing from the hotel safe, just as if I didn't know about that too.

"I swear you told me that you had it. when you were sitting over there, and that you were going to slip it into the safe in the darkness addressed to yourself. My, what a clever scheme. Of course, you were going to do the same thing with the vanity ox when you left me so silently.

"Doesn't it stand to sense, everybody? Mightn't he have been in and out in the darkness, scared into dropping those two packages by the two girls? Does he dare ccuse them or either of them? It is either he or they. Why doesn't he open the packages if I am not right? Ah, he knows too well, he doesn't dare." "I don't know; but I do dare." asserted

Knevals. He whipped out his knife; he opened one package; it contained the vanity box. He opened the other package; it contained a stack of crisp bills, for which Billikins made an ineffectual grab. Knevals's camed face was ghastly white, though he held his head even more haughtily. "I give in." he said simply.

both box and money; I am guilty." Then out from the darkness slipped Leila, shadowy no longer, to stand by Knevals's side, her arm around his neck. "Oh, what a lie!" she exclaimed. "He is trying to shield me. I recognized Pierre at once in that unbecoming makeup. I I knew he was here to vindicate himself, just as I suspected that mam—— I mean Mrs. Runciman must have taken the box. I found it among her things and tried to put it into his possession by slipping it into the safe with his name on because because I

"Shameless! Disgraceful!" raged Mrs. Runciman. "The child is mad in her in-fatuation. I wash my hands of her. But how about the money, hey? Perhaps Miss Prall took & perhaps she was trying to give it to Knevals because she loved him? Oh,

But Miss Prall still preserved a stony silence in which I seemed to discern grief and despair. And just then the lights flashed up—shining like the sun on the just and the unjust alike.

"Here's a pretty how-de-do!" cried the

"Here's a pretty how-de-do!" cried the chief electrical expert, bustling up with something that looked like a thin piece of lead in his hand. "A fine thing to bring a man 'way from his home for such a scurvy trick. Switchboard nothing! I found this cutoff just back of the telephone booth." And then it was that Miss Prall's red face grew redder and her blue eyes lost their fire as the guests shrank away with meaning glances and pointing fingers. glances and pointing fingers.

"The jig's up, Sis," said rollicking Frank

Prall, slouching from the news stand. "I can let you do a lot for me, but when it comes to disgrace for such a dear, true girl I draw

"Of course, people, I swiped the mun, in the first excitement, and I would have got away with it too only Sis always has a hawk eye on me, and she caught me dead to rights with the goods, which she made me and over then and there.

"Of course she was dead on to Knevals in

"Of course she was dead on to knevan in his sleuth play. Of course she has been contriving since to get the money to him in such a way that no one would ever know. That's about the size of it; and my resignation is pot only tendered but accepted, hey Billikins, instanter? "No pros, hey, since you've got the dough all right? I thought not; you might lose your pull. Well, ta-ta, everybody. Come, Mrs. Runciman, you should be going too. Sha'n't I escort you to the high timber?"

The widow gave a desperate glance at the averted faces. Then gathering her frills and feathers she hurried out from the light to the dark, clinging to Frank's arm.

SNAKES IN FLOOD TIMES.

Found in Great Numbers in Trees, and Higher Spots of Ground.

From the Pittafield Republican. visitor over in the bottoms now who has not thought about anything but the high water would get a shock of surprise when he landed on any of the higher spots of land which were unsubmerged during the recent floods. On every hand are snakes, wriggling, slimy, cold blooded serpents, which make one's flesh crawl.

Thousands of these reptiles have taken refuge on these spots of dry land. As is well known, snakes cannot remain long in water. as they are not amphibious, and at this season of the year they soon become helpless with the cold if immersed in the turbid waters of the floods. If unable to reach a dry spot they worm themselves upon the limbs of trees, climbing higher and higher as the water advances. Old fishermen traversing the brush and are wary of passing under trees now as the slimy brutes are liable to drop from their airy perches on slight disturbance.

The railroad embankments are favorite places of refuge for them, as the steel rails radiate the heat so much desired by the repfiles. Just now there is every class of them, black snakes, garter snakes, water moccasins, the latter perhaps as deadly as any known to science, with numerous rattlesnakes, vipers and the like.

SPORTING LIFE IN BURMA. Popularity of Bull Racing—Pugilists Strike

With Their Eyes Shut. From the Calcutta Statesman A form of speculation not generally known in England but very popular in Burmah is buil racing. A certain native sportsman is the owner of one of these bulls, for which he has refused an offer of 10,000 rupees. It has won several races and is looked after and as carefully tended as a Derby favorite The owner values it at 25,000 rupees, and it is said it brings him in an annual income of from 12,000 rupees to 15,000. It is carefully guarded by four men lest it may be got at and

Burmans also patronize boxing eagerly. but the art can scarcely be practised according to Queensberry rules, for we are told by a provincial reporter that he has observed that "even the best boxers strike out with their eyes tightly shut, and if they do hit other it is more by chance than anything else."

Coal From a River Bed. From the Philadelphia Record. Over 100 tons of coal is being taken daily

from the Susquehanna River in the vicinity of Espy, Columbia county. Five dredges are being operated in that section.
Many of the residents of that section use the coal taken from the bed of the river. Robins Nest in Waistcoat Pocket. From the London Standard. pair of robins have built a neet and hatched a family in the pocket of an old waistcoat which had been left hanging on the wall of an unoccupied cottage at Lods-

From Paris Les Annales.

In London tipping has become a public accurge. In a West End restaurant i you pay £4 for your dinner and do not le ve a fifth of that sum as a tip you are leoked pon as a skindint. Scourge of Tipping in London.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY HAS A CLASS OF THEM.

Miss Stansbury, Who Teaches It, Took Thirteen of Them to the Country-Inc of the Trip-Gang Rule as She Sees It -Green Fruit No Terror to Them.

There was a slight disturbance in the bad boy class of the Children's Aid Society school at 535 East Sixteenth street the other day. One of the boys reached over and cuffed another, openly and soundly, as though bestowing merited punishment.
When Miss Stansbury, the teacher, ooked at him, the cuffer enlightened her.

Miss Stansbury continued merely to look, being for the moment incapable of other

"He said I killed God," he explained

"I didn't," said the cuffed one, "He cussed and I told him he was crucifying Christ."

Then Miss Stansbury understood. Just the day but one before Miss Stans bury, whom her pupils all call Miss Emma, had returned from a cottage among the Connecticut hills where she had taken her entire class to spend eleven days. This cottage was lent to her by a friend for this house party, and the china, glass, silver, linen and other furnishings of a civilized house were left in place. On one wall hung a large and beautiful reproduction of "Christ Before Pilate." One day Miss Stansbury found a group of boys before this picture.

"Who's that man," asked one, pointing to the principal figure in the picture. That is Christ," said the teacher.

"Who's Christ?" said the boy. Miss Emma had taught twenty years in the Children's Aid Society school, but still she was shocked. It seemed difficult to believe that the boy had reached the age of 12 years in New York without knowing who Christ was. They never speak of religion in the society schools, because children of many faiths go there; but still it seemed to her that no one could object to her answering the boy's question. So she explained the picture to the best of her ability. And then she gave them a little application. One of the disturbing things to Miss Emma is the foul words with which her cherubs interlard nearly every sentence. So she told the boys that when they did certain specified things they were crucifying Christ again; and among these things she named bad language. The lesson sank home in one young heart, with the result aforesaid.

Any one noticing Miss Emma with her group of thirteen boys-three of the class couldn't go-on the Sound steamer bound for Connecticut would have had no idea that she was doing a rather remarkable thing. The bad boy class includes a number of incorrigible truants brought there by the truant officer. It contains others who instead of being dragged into school have been kicked out. Besides that there are seven who had never stepped inside a schoolhouse until they came to Miss Emma a year ago. They had simply grown up to the age of 12 or 13 years as ignorant of schools as if they lived in a wilderness.

These boys have regular civil wars among themselves, with pitched battles. In the vicinity of the school named there flourish the Sixteenth, Fourteenth, Thirteenth and Twelfth street gangs. They fight each other with broken crockery, glass, iron and other handy and dangerous things. At one time in the last winter four of Miss Emma's boys were making daily visits to the dispensary for the dressing of their wounds. It so happened also that she had in her class at that time the captains of the four gangs named. One day there appeared at her classroom door a deputation from the Nineteenth street gang, a totally foreign body from a distant territory. They had the assurance to tell her that she had no right to keep the four captains in school when they were needed in the gangs, and to demand that she release them. Upon her refusal to do so they threatened her.

"All right for you," they said; "you'd

"All right for you," they said; "you'd better not go through Twelfth street, that's all," being apparently sent in behalf of the Twelfth street gang.

At the close of school she informed her boys that she was going through Twelfth street. They tried to dissuade ner.

"Aw, don't you do it," they said; "they might cut you." And when she persisted they said: "Well, take off your watch anyway." She refused even this concession, but threw out a casual hint that a private detective would be following her all the way.

but threw out a casual hint that a private detective would be following her all the way. She made a leisurely circuit of the whole firing line purely in a spirit of bravado to show that she was not afraid. Otherwise, she says, she would have been driven from the neighborhood.

Ordinarily the Children's Aid Society teachers act as their own truant officers. The bad boy class probably would not last two weeks without daily visits to the homes. But one day a regular truant officer was two weeks without daily visits to the homes.
But one day a regular truant officer was sent after an incorrigible. Word got out that he was coming and he walked into an ambush. The boys threw things down on him from windows—tomato cans, broken plates and other trifling but momentarily useful objects. A somewhat heavy cooking utensil broke his hat, which probably saved his head from the same fate.

saved his head from the same fate.

Last winter one of Miss Emma's boys took Last winter one of Miss Emma's boys took a handbag away from a woman on the public highway. He was arrested, kept for a few days by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and then released. For several weeks thereafter the boy's mother had to escort him to school and Miss Emma had to escort him home to keep him from being beaten up by the Sixteenth street gang. Their attitude was curious and instructive. They simply took the ground that the boy was a fool for having got caught and lost the bag, thus preventing the gang from sharing in its contents, and proposed to punish him so that he would not be a fool in just the same way again.

sharing in its contents, and proposed to punish him so that he would not be a fool in just the same way again.

This slight sketch may throw some light on the fact that there were those who considered that Miss Emma's act in going to the country alone with thirteen of these hopeful youths was heroic. She said she did it merely as part of the year's schooling, a two weeks lesson in civilized living.

"The families these boys come from never sit down to a meal together," said she. "In twenty years of almost daily visiting among them I never once saw a family seated at a table. The invariable breakfast is ten cents worth of buns. Some one goes out for those in the morning, and they eat them with or without coffee, according to the financial situation. After eating his bun the boy goes into the streets and never returns till night. There is no lunch in these families. Dinner is the one cooked meal of the day. The vegetarians ought to be satisfied with these boys, for they are certainly all raised on a vegetarian diet. They scarcely know the taste of meat. When there is any meat in the house it is always for the man. The wife and children never get any. The average income of these families is \$9 a week, and the rent costs not less than \$10, \$12 or \$14 a month. The decencies of life under those circumstances are a dream. In one family I know there are seven children and the rent coats not less than slt, \$12 or \$14 a month. The decencies of life under those circumstances are a dream. In one family I know there are seven children and two beds. This makes some crowding for nine people. When the father comes home drunk, so that he can be moved without waking him after he falls asleep, his dutiful sons remove him from the bed and leave him on the floor all night so that they won't be so crowded; and they brag about it in school."

Incidents of travel began soon after they boarded the boat. It was 5 A. M., and as four of the boys were rather younger than the rest, Miss Emma told them that they might go into the stateroom she had taken and go to sleep if they liked. They went, but not to sleep. Miss Emma noticed that a distracted line of stewards seemed

to be running to one portion of the boat all the time. Finally one came and asked her if statercom No. 8 belonged to her. On learning that it did he said, "Well, some one is ringing there all the time, and when we go the door is locked and no one will answer."

Miss Emma heard the ringing as she ran. It seemed to rise from a thumb pressed continuously on the button. "Now, boys," said she after the removal of the thumb, "there is a hold down in the bottom of this boat, and if you don't behave the captain will put you in it."

A sudden silence fell and the boys locked at her very strangely. Afterward she learned that they had understood her to say that there was a hole in the bottom of the boat and the captain would put them in it if they did not behave. They behaved.

At the cottage surprises began. The first was the "Pilgrim fireplace." They had read about the Pilgrim fireplace." They had read about the Pilgrim fireplace in the reading book. It had never occurred to one of them that such a fireplace could exist at the present day, and they spoke of it as the Pilgrim fireplace throughout their stay. Mornings were cool in the hills, and they found a gay little open fire cracking every morning when they came down, around which they gathered in silent admiration. These boys are sophisticated youngsters. They do not say much, but occasionally their feelings demand utterance. The first time was at the "red flowers in the grass." They were amazed and dumfounded to find that the red flowers were

their feelings demand utterance. The first time was at the "red flowers in the grass." They were amazed and dumfounded to find that the red flowers were strawberries, growing wild, to be gathered by anybody. Seven of these boys had never been off Manhattan before, and the others had left the metropolis only for brief trips.

Miss Emma teaches cocking in her school. In the first place a knowledge of cooking is so rare in the homes that she thinks it worth while to teach it even to the boys. In the second place there boys cannot be kept in school at all unless they are doing something with their hands almost all the time. So at the cottage certain boys were told off each day to set the table and help cook the meals. Then there were three regular square meals a day. The boys took to this just as if they had been used to it all their lives. They required no instruction. They took to the table too. Before they left a boy would demand a napkin if it had been treated. boy would demand a napkin if it had been

forgotten.

The first night when they were shown the beautiful snow white beds one of the larger boys cocked his eye up at the teacher and said: "Guess that means a wash before you get in, don't it?"

"That's exactly what it does," said Miss

Emma, and thereafter all went docilely to wash every night. Without any telling also all solemnly stripped the immaculate counterpanes off the beds before they got in. One boy only complained of his bed, a

"Miss Emma," said he, "I ain't got no "Why, yes," she said, touching the soft white blankets. "But I must have annuder bed top of

me," said he.

The sharp air and appetizing food almost bred a famine in the whole neighborhood. Six times a day there had to be "eatuns." And besides that they carried havoc to the

cottage fruit trees.
"I told them all," said Miss Emma, "that if they ate the green fruit they would surely be sick. I'll never say that again as long as I live. Why, they ate green cherries by the peck, pits and all. They ate apples no bigger than bullets and little fuzzy peaches no bigger than a walnut and twice as hard, and at the paying sick.

no bigger than a walnut and twice as hard, and not one was sick."

Many of their questions showed plainly enough whither their thoughts were tending. "How much does it cost to buy an acre of land?" "How many of them trees does it take to build a house?" After a series of such questions one boy said finally in a discouraged tone, "Well, it wouldn't do no good for us to move up here, anyin a discouraged tone, well, it wouldn't do no good for us to move up here, anyway. Me mother couldn't get no work." His mother was a janitress, and the boy didn't see any opportunity for that kind of work on the banks of the Connecticut.

Only one showed that he had poetry in his soul. He sat on the steps while the cool his soul. He sat on the steps while the cool night fell and the moonlight silvered the

broad flowing river.
"Miss Emma," said he, "this' a better moon' we have in N'York."
"Why, Charlie," said she, "it's the same

moon."

He looked at her and then at the sky.
"It's a better moon," sa'd he doubtfully,
"'n better stars too."
"Charlie," said she, "you think they're
better because in New York you see only
a little strip of sky between the roofs on
Sixteenth street, and here you see the whole

It was cool among the hills and they got back to town just as the hot wave struck it. to town just as the not wave struck it.
It was a little hard on them. That night
one of them slept on the fire escape on account of the heat and fell off and broke his
ankle before morning. That was on a
Saturday night. The next Monday the rest were back in school. One of them said as he entered, "Miss Emma, I don't like the

he entered, "Miss Emma, I don't like the smell of Sixteenth street."

The teacher asked them what they had liked best in the trip. Most of them said "the eatuns." After school was out one lingered. He was the one that thought they had a better moon in Connecticut.

"Miss Emma," said he, "I was lonesome. I had a pain in me chest here." He laid a grimy little paw just under his throat.



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\$16 English Rep Suits,

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